

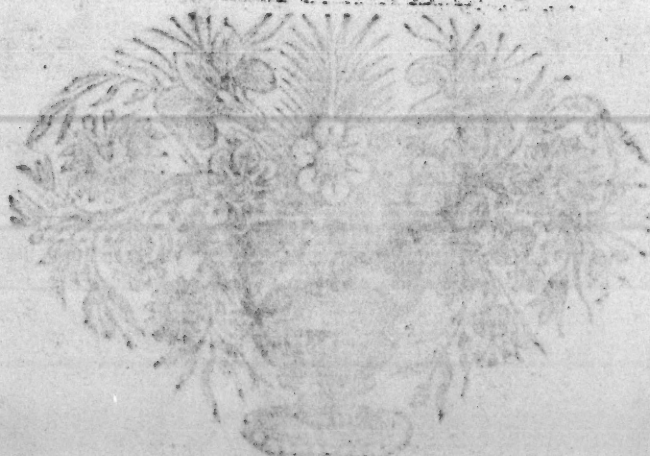
[11]

Disperse the Genture on the Sea is thrown,
And shew they can be true to One alone;
That the well judging Maid then only fits
When Merit's wanting to the Man that sighs.

What Pen survives to figure, Worth divine!
Each new born Wonder of an HOLY Line?
On that last honour'd Name they more than dwell,
And in the Depth of Anguish thus they cry'd.

Oh Patterns of Art! why flows thy Worth
In so upbraiding an Abundance forth?
Thy Goodness shew, in calling back again
Those Beams we only must admire with Pain:
In Pity, give thy future Graces o'er;
Cease to deserve, since we can sing no more.

F I W I S



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R O B I N's

PATHETICK

T A L E,

AN HEROIC

P O E M.

Written by G L U B E C H D I G B E Y E, Gent.

*Fortuna sævo læta negotio,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi nunc alii benigna.*

Hor.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. M O O R E, M.DCCXXVII.
(Price One Shilling.)

R O B I N S

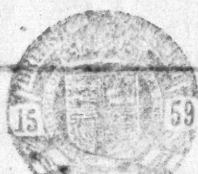
PATHETICK

T A L E

AN HEROIC

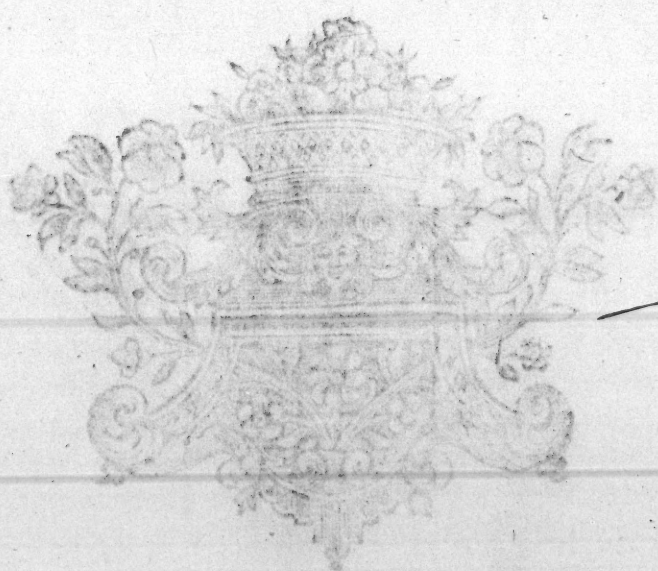
P O E M.

Written by G. A. URBACH D. D. G. B. E. F. G. E. F.



Nunc mihi nunc alii benigna.
Transmutat incertos honores,
Fortuna sacro lata negotio.

Hor.



L O N D O N

Printed for A. M. O. R. E. M. D. C. C. X. V. I. I.
(Price One Shilling.)



AN HEROICK

P O E M.



U N H A P P Y me amongst the Birds of
Prey,
Once I'd a Comfort, now he's turn'd to
Clay;

A lifeless Lump, regarded is by few,
And in my Breast fresh Sorrow rises new.
He's gone, sweet Soul! I hope amongst the Blest,
Where undisturb'd he may securely rest;
Where Trouble does not dwell, nor anxious Care,
Nor Calumnies, nor Threats do harbour there:
What greater Curse cou'd envious Fortune give
Than just to die, when I began to live!

B U T whither went his Soul, let such relate
Who search the Secrets of a future State:
Divines can say, but what themselves believe;
Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all Sides must agree,
And Faith itself be lost in Certainty.

Strange! strange Vicissitudes of human Fate,
Still alt'ring, never in a steady State:

Kings must submit, and when their Part is done,

Some other worse or better mount the Throne;

For God who does all things in Life controul,

Gives unto us an animating Soul;

He, perfect, stable; but imperfect we,

Subject to Change, and different in Degree,

Plants, Beasts, and Man, and as our Organs are,

We more or less of his Perfection share;

But by a long Descent, the Etherial Fire

Corrupts; and Forms, the mortal Part, expire:

As he withdraws his Virtues, so they pass,

And the same Matter makes another Mass:

This Law, th' Omniscient Power was pleas'd to give,

That every *Kind* shou'd by S U C C E S S I O N live:

That Individuals die, his Will ordains;

The propogated Species still remains.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of the Trees,

Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow Degrees;

Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays

Supreme in State; and in three more decays:

So wears the paving Pebble in the Street,

And Towns and Tow'rs the fatal Period meet;

So Rivers rapid once, now naked lie

Forfaken of their Springs; and leave their Channels dry.

And Faith itself be lost in Certainty.

So Man at first a Drop, dilates with Heat,
 Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat;
 Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell,
 At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
 And struggles into Breath and cries for Aid;
 Then, helpless in his Mother's Lap is laid:
 He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man,
 Grudges their Life, from whence his own began.
 Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,
 Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne:
 First vegetive, then feels, and Reasons last;
 Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waste.
 Some thus, but Thousands more in Flower of Age;
 For few arrive to run the latter Stage.
 Sunk in the first, in Battel some are slain,
 And others whelm'd beneath the stormy Main,
 What makes all this, but *Jupiter* the King,
 At whose Command we perish, and we spring?
 Then tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
 To make a Virtue of Necessity.
 Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain,
 The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
 And could we chuse the Time, and chuse aright,
 Tis best to die, our Honour at the Height.
 Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
 And urge their Predecessor Minutes on,

Still moving ever new: For former Things
 Are set aside like abdicated Kings:
 And every Moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some Act till then unknown.

UNTHOUGHT of Change, which Grief and Sickness
 give,

In low Estate I may more happier live;
 More free from Care, and undisturb'd in Mind,
 And then,— the busy World some Fault will find:
 Unthinking People will Reflection cast,
 It comes in Course, altho' they've no distast,
 Unless tis this, *That I grew great too fast*,
 We all seek Happiness, but few can find;
 For far the greater Part of Men are blind.
 Darknefs we see, emerges into Light,
 And shining Suns descend to sable Night;
 Ev'n Heaven itself receives another die
 When weary'd Animals in Slumber lie;
 The Disk of *Phæbus* when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first, but as a Blood-shot Eye,
 And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,
 His Ball is with the same Suffusion red;
 But mounted high on his Meridian Race
 All bright he shines, and with a better Face:

For

For there pure Particles of Æther blow,
Far from the Infection of the World below.

FATE did decree, and did prefix the Time
That Death shou'd seize (altho' 'twas not a Crime
He did commit,) going t' see his wish'd-for Shore,
And Fate resolv'd that he shou'd see't no more.
How joyous seem'd the People when they heard
Of his unthought of Death; 'twas true—I fear'd;
Like Thunder-struck I stood, with ghastful Look,
And every Joint in my chill'd Body shook;
Speechless a while; and when regal'd my Breath
My Tongue it falt' red, imitating Death;
My glaring Eye-Balls row'd, my Pulse beat slow,
My Teeth were set, and Spirits waxed low;
And when restor'd to former Sense again
Did blame my Stars, that gave me Life again.
How throbs my Heart within my swelling Breast,
And longs methinks, to be with him at Rest:
His Goodness such, that after Ages may
Record his Virtues, and the unhappy Day
That took his God-like Soul from us away.
If Happiness hereafter is design'd
For Men who're Good and Just, not base in Mind,
No doubt but he that Happiness will find.

Then Death, so call'd, is but old Matter dress'd,
 In some new Figure and a vary'd Vest;
 By Time, or Force, or Sicknes dispos'd,
 And lodges, where it lights, on Man or Beast;
 Death at the worst, can but deform the Face,
 Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
 To seek her Fortune in some other Place.
 Why then affrighted at an empty Name,
 A Dream of Darknes and fictitious Flame?
 Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,
 And Fables of a World which never was!
 What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
 By Time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires?
 Nor dies the Spirit but new Life repeats
 In other Forms, and only changes Seats.
 Tho' strange at first we need not think it strange,
 For ev'ry Thing is subject unto Change:
 Ev'n our own Bodies daily Change receive,
 Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave;
 Thus are their Figures never at a stand,
 But chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand;
 All Things are alter'd nothing is destroy'd,
 The shifted Scene for some new Show employ'd.
 Then, to be Born, is to begin to be
 Some other Thing we were not formerly:

And

And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
 Or be the Thing that formerly we were.
 That Forms are chang'd, I grant; that nothing can
 Continue in the Figure it began:
 The Golden-Age to Silver was debas'd,
 To Copper that, our Metal came at last.

'Tis hard to say this Change is for the best,
 We were before at Peace; and now we can but rest:
 Be that as 'twill, I'll not assume to say,
 We alter something each preceding Day.
 Let's not reflect, but speak in GEORGE'S Praise,
 And may he ever live to wear the Bays;
 The Father good and All-divine his Son,
 And ev'ry Heart seems glad he's on the Throne:
 But ah! more glad they'd been, had cruel Fate
 But spar'd his Life unto a longer Date:
 It cou'd not be, his Omniscient Pow'r divine,
 Did give him Life but for so long a time.
 Like Parallel, I cou'd have wish'd that we
 Had gone together to Eternity;
 Then free from Din and all tumultuous Care,
 My Soul had been, and rested with him there.

C

HE,

H E, tho from Heaven remote, to Heav'n could
move,

With Strength of Mind, and tread the Abyſs above;
And penetrate with his interior Light,
Thoſe upper Depths which Nature hid from Sight:
And what he had obſerv'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar Language to diſpenſe.

O happy Monarch, ſent from Heaven to bleſs
A happy People with ſo long a Peace;
And ſtill a greater Gift from Heaven is ſhown,
The Child is left altho' the Father's gone,
And left in ſtead, to grace the Royal Throne.
Long may he live to Reign, and gain Applauſe
By ev'ry Subject, and maintain the Laws:
The Country rings around with loud Alarms,
And Youths of Sixteen, joy to bear the Arms.
So well he is lov'd, as was his Sire,
Some diſcontent, and ſome have their Deſire.

T H E R E is a Race of baſe degen'rate Men,
Who love to rail not knowing who agen,
To every Prayer that's baſe, will ſay *Amen*.
This Age is ſo corrupt, ev'n Virtue's loſt,
And what is bad, we love adore the moſt;
So blind are we, regardless of our Crimes,
Forget to die, we mind ſo much the Times;

This Lord has Sense, the other's none they'll cry,
 This Earl is good I know his Progeny:
 This Patriot shou'd his King and Country serve;
 Prerogative and Priviledge preserve,
 Of each, our Laws the certain Limits show,
 One not to ebb, nor t'other overflow:
 With such Discourse, they'll spend their idle Hours,
 Who're the best Men, and who in greatest Pow'rs.
 For were another Sav'our to come down,
 And seated once on th' Imperial Throne,
 He cou'd not please us all, some wou'd complain,
 And be so vile, to wish him back again.

PROPHETICK Fear (when with a bleeding Heart
 I took my Leave, and suffer'd thee to part;)
 Did seize with Horror my uneasy Breast,
 To such Excess, that since I've had no rest.
 Fortune (a various Power) may cease to frown,
 And by some Ways unknown, my Sorrow crown;
 But now unhappy of all human Kind,
 For Help can't hope, nor Remedy can find,
 But doom'd to drag my loathsome Life in Care,
 For my Reward must end it in Despair.
 What Power decreed the God-like Man to go,
 And leave behind a Friend posses'd of Woe: